

BERLIN AS A CITY BEAUTIFUL

GOOD HOMES, LIGHT AND AIR FOR ALL ITS IDEALS.

Changes of the Last Twenty Years. Cheap and comfortable flats for its workers. Wide streets, garden bordered, planning for the Greater Berlin.

Berlin is a city of flats and apartments. Only very rich people live in their own houses. The private house as it is known in America has practically disappeared from the city limits. Families desiring to live in separate dwellings must go to the suburbs.

The change wrought in Berlin in the last twenty years is remarkable. For a long time the city simply kept on growing and did not change its character. Rows of flats and tenement houses were erected and differed only in the color of the outer walls and the shape of the small balconies.

Until a short time ago even flats of the better class lacked a bathroom, and where existed it served the additional purpose of providing sleeping space for the servant. Ample room for the servant was made possible. It consisted of a wooden platform which was pulled up against the wall in the daytime and

The building must not occupy more than two-thirds of the plot; this to secure plenty of light and air. The erection of rear houses is permitted, but when it is considered that one-third of the plot is reserved as a courtyard and that the ordinary American narrow city lot is unknown and that the average house has a frontage of at least 50 feet, it will be seen that there is very little objection against rear houses.

The width of the plots does away with the necessity existing in New York of arranging the apartments in the form of a bowling alley divided into small rooms of which only one fronts on the street. The houses are not as deep as in New York and the flats are more conveniently and compactly laid out, with much larger rooms and more windows. No apartment house can have more than five stories, or in the outlying districts more than four.

The side walls must be constructed very strongly, fire walls they are called, in order to make the spreading of a fire from one house to another practically impossible. Collars must be absolutely dry, and the new building code prescribes a two-inch concrete covering for walls, floor and roof. The use of wooden beams for the cellar roof is prohibited. No open gas jets are permitted and every light must be equipped with mantle and chimney.

These modern tenement houses are



Photo by Trans Atlantic Photo Co.
A SPECIMEN OF THE WIDE STREETS WITH FLOWER PLOTS IN THE MIDDLE.

sun in the summer or benefit by it in the winter. From the rear windows the courtyard can be seen, a square of liberal dimensions, containing grass plots and narrow strips of flowers, while the space reserved for walking is covered with flags.

Rixdorf is to all intents and purposes a part of Berlin although it still maintains independence in matters of administration. The streets are much wider than in American cities, and all the houses have small gardens in front of them. This is in fact required by the new building law for all streets laid out since it went into force.

Similar conditions prevail in the East End, with the only difference that even wider streets are found, some of them, like the Warschauer and the Petersburger Strasse, being splendid avenues. Here the rents are about the same as in Rixdorf, but most of the flats are larger, generally containing three living rooms, kitchen, pantry, servant's chamber, bath, private hall and balcony. The pantry is necessary because in spite of canned goods the German housewife would not dream of buying supplies for one meal or even for one day only, but still persists in being always prepared for a siege.

In the northern part a great many old tenements are still found. They were erected when this was the manufacturing district, but they are disappearing slowly. The great industrial establishments have moved farther north, and are now surrounded by modern tenement houses that leave little to be desired.

The workmen are far better housed than their fathers were. Here flats of two living rooms with kitchen, bath, pantry, balcony, &c., cost from \$8 to \$9 a month, and a flat of the same size and exactly as well appointed, but in the rear, may be secured for from \$7 to \$8.50, and these rear flats are by no means objectionable for the front on the roomy courtyard with its flower beds, and behind the houses are small garden plots for all the tenants.

The outlying districts in the western part of the city are a little more pretentious. They are mostly populated by Government officials with limited salaries. The erection of houses with more than four stories is prohibited in this quarter, and a front garden at least six feet in width is obligatory.

The flats are more profusely decorated

and consequently command a higher price. An apartment of two living rooms



Photo by Trans Atlantic Photo Co.
TYPICAL YARD OF A TENEMENT HOUSE OCCUPIED BY LABORERS AND PEOPLE OF SMALL MEANS.

kitchen, bath, servants' chamber and balcony can be rented for \$12 a month, while for the same price an additional living room can be had if people will go only a little farther out. In all these houses the rooms are large and airy and the cubby holes of the average low priced New York flat are entirely unknown. Every living room is about twice as large as a parlor in a New York apartment, renting for from \$7 to \$8 a month.

The difference in the prices of larger flats used by the large middle class is perhaps still more striking. An American who settled in Berlin lived in an apartment in one of the new quarters. He had six rooms, kitchen, servant's chamber and two bathrooms. The size of the rooms may be judged by the fact that twelve people were comfortably placed around a table in the dining room and there was plenty of space left for the servants waiting on the guests.

There was of course the inevitable balcony, and both the American and his wife quickly became used to taking their breakfast in the open air. The flat had all the improvements New York is used to and a few more. There was an electric vacuum cleaner, a safe inserted in the wall of the bedroom and connected with a burglar alarm, an electric stove in the kitchen and an electric cloth brush. The flat was in the third story, but had an automatic electric elevator ready for use day and night. Landlords are not required to keep the halls lighted all night, but the tenant entering the house after dark has only to insert a key into a little socket behind the door in order to light all electric lamps in the hall and keep them burning until he has reached the top story. For this flat, which can be reached from the center of the business district in twenty minutes by the electric tramway and Berlin tramways do not run nearly as fast as New York cars, the American paid \$35 a year.

Another American had a flat in Friedmann in the immediate neighborhood of the railway station with trains every ten minutes which carried him to the business center in less than half an hour. He had five rooms and all improvements on the first floor of a four story single flat house and paid \$250 a year.

The visitor is struck not only by the low rents and the superior construction of the

dwelling houses but also by the efforts made to beautify the city. The authorities do not wait to lay out and grade streets until a number of houses are built. The territory surrounding Berlin is already mapped out to meet the conditions that will probably arise in ten or twenty years from now.

In making the maps great care is used to provide for beautiful effects, to construct a pretty Strassenbild, street picture, to use the technical expression. In the new districts rectangular street crossings are forbidden, and all the streets cross each other at sharp angles. In this way stars are formed from time to time, the sharp corners are cut off, and wherever three or more streets come together a small flower garden or park is laid out.

All the streets have either gardens in front of the houses, and they are not the conventional grass plots with impossible cast iron urns, etc., but bright little flower beds, or broad flowerbeds in the middle, between the two roadways. Between the trees climbing plants are trained in graceful curves, the whole length of the street thus forming an uninterrupted garland of green and bright colors. Add to this the gay flowers upon every one of the innumerable balconies and it will be admitted that the Berlin street is a pleasure to the eye to stroll through the streets of his home city, and is horrified at the un-

Blank walls are absolutely forbidden because they disfigure the Strassenbild. If the owner of a house does not want to cut windows into a wall visible from the street he must hide its ugliness in some other way. A large department store did not find it convenient to cut windows into a wall abutting on the Leipziger Platz, and was compelled to erect a wall in the Renaissance style with many little turrets and false windows at considerable expense. The firm employed one of the foremost architects of Germany for this work and the result is eminently satisfactory, for the square instead of being spoiled by an enormous blank wall of masonry is now more beautiful than before.

Ever anxious to improve conditions and to solve the problem how to house the people attracted by a large city the municipal government of Berlin offered a prize last year for the best plan for the proposed greater Berlin. This new city is destined to swallow up all the Vororte and cities and villages, which are, but for their administrative independence, as much a part of Berlin as the different communities composing London. The conditions of the competition required a street plan unifying the street systems of the several municipalities, changes necessary to provide for the ever growing traffic in the built-up sections, the laying out of rapid transit routes from the center of the city to all outlying sections, provisions for carry-



Photo by Trans Atlantic Photo Co.
FLATHOUSES FOR PEOPLE OF SMALL MEANS, APARTMENTS OF THREE ROOMS AND KITCHEN.

relieved piles of stone he encounters in New York, is not so very much to blame if he complains of a lack of culture in the United States.

The municipal government of Berlin has a way of assuring the correct development of newly opened streets. This is especially employed when new streets are cut through the old quarter in order to do away with rookeries and narrow alleys.

The municipality acquires the corner lots and erects buildings in harmony with the character it considers fit for the new street or square. It calculates that the other property owners will follow suit when they build on their plots, and so far it has never been disappointed. As soon as the object is accomplished the city sells the buildings, and as a rule makes a handsome profit.

ing the great railroads now terminating at separate stations into the heart of Berlin and connecting them with each other, and many other things.

The first prize was awarded to three men, Architect Bruno Möhring, Prof. Rudolf Eberstadt, and Civil Engineer Richard Petersen, who had worked jointly. The architect Hermann Jansen won the second prize. It is expected that the plan finally adopted will contain the best elements of both solutions, but it is a noteworthy fact that both propositions provide for large open spaces, not in the shape of squares or public parks widely apart, but permeating the entire city and thereby making utterly impossible the construction of solid blocks of tenement houses upon large areas unrelieved by breathing spaces.

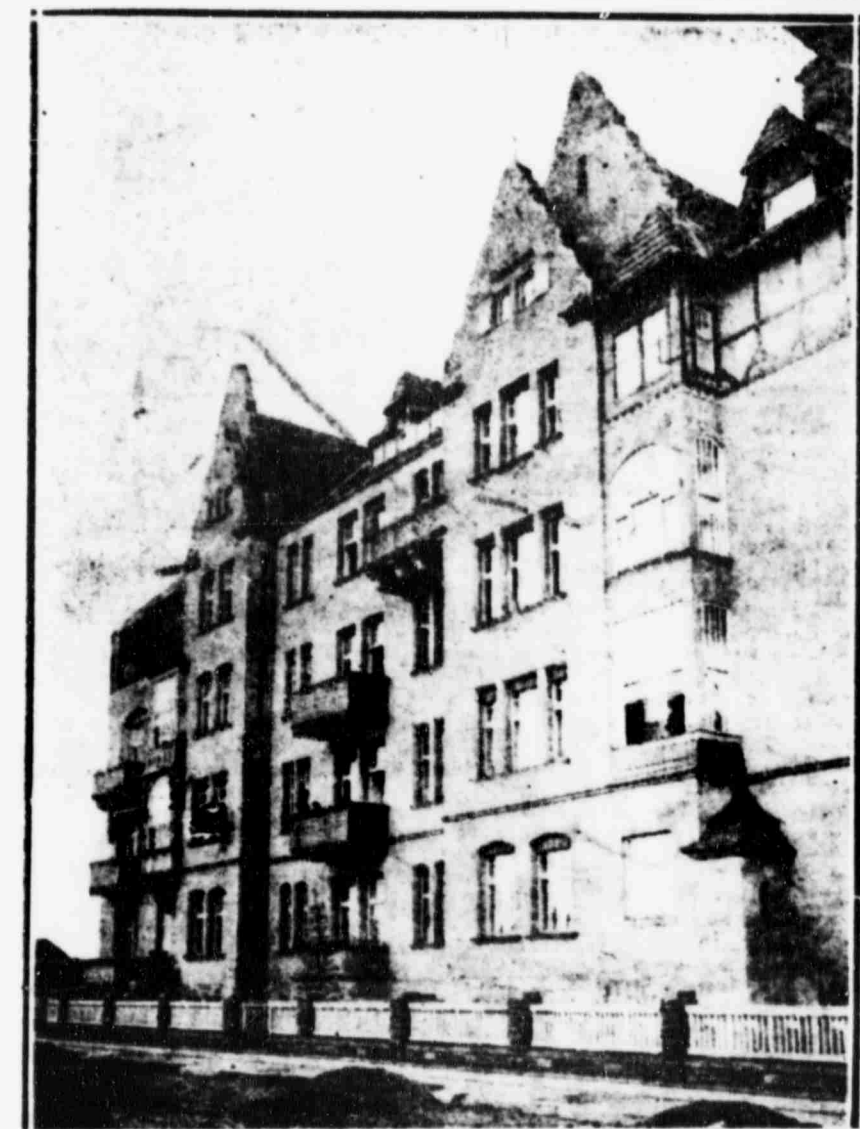


Photo by Trans Atlantic Photo Co.
FLATHOUSE WITH APARTMENT OF FIVE OR SIX ROOMS RENTING FOR \$25 A MONTH.

down in the evening, hanging on stout ropes at about half the height of the room. The servant girl had to use a ladder to reach her resting place.

Conditions in the tenement houses were far from good. Families with six or seven children living in one room and a kitchen were by no means exceptional, and frequently a lodger helped to pay the rent. Even in the better districts, especially in the neighborhood of the university, it was common for families occupying three or four room flats to use only one room and the kitchen and to rent the others.

All this has been changed. Many of the old houses still exist, of course, but they are disappearing rapidly. New laws have been passed providing for a sufficient supply of light and air and limiting the number of lodgers according to the size of the apartment. A few of the regulations governing the erection of tenements or flathouses may be mentioned.

of course most numerous in the districts which have been developed within recent years. Many of them do not belong to the city of Berlin proper, but form separate communities in spite of the fact that there is no outwardly visible division and the Vororte or suburbs are as much a part of Berlin as Yorkville and Harlem are of New York.

In Rixdorf, the largest village in Germany and probably in the world, with 200,000 inhabitants, a flat of two living rooms, kitchen, pantry, servant's chamber and bathroom with tub and shower bath costs from 40 to 42 marks a month, or \$9.00 to \$10. Such a flat has a private hall and as a matter of course a balcony or open loggia, large enough for man and wife to take their meals in the open air. Generally the two living rooms front on the street, but sometimes the windows of one of them give on the courtyard. If this is the case the tenant may use them at will in order to escape the

THE TWELVE KEYS OF GOLD COINS

The Golobie Claim—The Wood Pulp Certificate—What the Owner of the Treasure Got.

It was Representative Hugh Byng who rose to present to our Joint Commission on Special Deposits the report on the Golobie claim, which had been referred to him as a sub-committee. I glanced sympathetically toward the white-faced widow and her pretty daughter sitting in the deep recesses of the window, and then settled contentedly behind my desk, assured by the flash of his fine eyes and the swing of his broad shoulders that the interest of these friendless claimants appealed by its romance to his imagination and by its justice to his reason.

The plainest recital of the acts of this case, gentlemen," Mr. Byng began, "must surely be a fairy tale. Late in the second administration of Andrew Jackson a French gentleman of rank and means named Jules Golobie called on the old General. He had come to this country in search of Emilie Fausse, his former

lover, who had eloped with George Cartell, a man of some passing reputation, having played at Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond and here at Washington, where he had deserted his wife and child. In this search, made ten years later, Golobie had been unable to find a trace of the man, woman or child.

It was impossible to tell at this late hour what basis Golobie appealed to the President. Presumably he showed the President a document that he was convinced was one of the international revolutionary societies, which within a few years were to cause half the throes of Europe to rock and reel. At all events he had the sympathetic support of Jackson for his plans, and you all remember the case of Mrs. Eaton, must realize how firm and unrestricted this was.

He then executed a deed of trust to the United States by which he conveyed to the possession of Emilie Fausse or her heirs, or to her body, directly after her death, the sum of \$100,000, which was

by order of the President the United States frigate Santee, returning from the European station, took aboard twelve casks containing this treasure. These casks were duly delivered into the custody of the Secretary of the Treasury and stored by him in the vaults of the Treasury, where they have remained until this day, sealed, intact and half forgotten.

"There are records to show that Jackson just prior to the expiration of his term took some steps to find the cost of the trust and terminate the trust. They were unavailing. With the change of administration they became perfunctory and before long ceased altogether.

"Thus for nearly seventy years this fortune has remained as dormant and idle as the talent that was hid in a napkin, not increasing though upon its natural increase those rightfully entitled to it might have thrived in comfort instead of suffering the pangs of penury."

"At all events it has been safe from the moth and rust and the thieves who break through and steal," remarked our chairman, Senator Raymond Giles, adjusting the red carnation in his buttonhole. "All the more reason, gentlemen, after this long and faithful guardianship for us to see to it that none of those softer emotions ordinarily so admirable shall cause us to surrender our hair's breadth from the determination to render exact and equal justice in this case."

Mr. Byng looked toward me with a smile and a shrug, latter and contemptuous. "I knew all he would say. From the establishment of the commission he had been suspicious of the Senator's good faith, and he had based accordingly his plan in fixing its membership and powers had been due to an avid desire to recover his own shattered fortunes. Was there to be another selfish extension of its duties and silence, with some claimant as dishonest as he was yet unknown?"

"The chairman's assurances, though of course gratuitous, encourage me to present the proof already gathered in this claim," said Mr. Byng. "I call Mrs. Augusta Maine to the stand." The pale-faced widow rose, she said, of John Maine, a carpenter on Capitol Hill, as his father, George Maine, had been before him. She now lived in the same little house on the eastern branch, where father and son had lived and worked and died. She supported herself by fine sewing, and her daughter Edith, her only child, was a clerk in the Bureau of Penitentiaries and bore more than her share of the cost of living.

During her thirty days vacation last summer Edith had rummaged through boxes and trunks, undisturbed in the garret within witness's recollection. In an old English trunk, with the letters G. C. on its lid in brass-headed nails, she

had found the papers which had been shown to Mr. Byng, and were now handed by her to the chairman. With them were included the record of her husband's birth, her own marriage certificate and the record of Edith's birth.

"I am sure no statement could be fairer and more aboveboard," declared Senator Giles, beaming around. "I do not care to cross-examine this worthy witness, and I see from your expressions, gentlemen, that neither do you. As a fitting, she rests her claim, whatever it may be, on the papers in the case. Let us then examine these papers in the same frank spirit with which they have been adduced."

It was noticeable to me at any rate that Mr. Byng rose from his seat and took his post by the chairman's side, eyeing each paper jealously as it was unfolded. "That's right, Byng," said the Senator. "You have seen these papers before. Your verification of them now will aid at least slightly in the authentication which I sincerely trust we may be able to give to them."

"First we have a copy of the London Times of April 28, 1829, with a theatrical item marked 'H'm, this item speaks of the performance of The School for Scandal and the excellent work done by that promising young actor George Cartell. Ah, I see."

"Letters from George Maine addressed to 'My dearest Emilie' and signed 'Your loving husband,' and letters presumably answered to George Maine and signed by his devoted wife Emilie. So far so good."

"What next? Ah, gentlemen, here we have the exit of the whole matter, the keystone that completes the arch. This faded yellow paper purports to be a certificate of the marriage of George Maine to Emilie Fausse, celebrated at Holy Innocents' Church in Alexandria and evidently a holograph of the clerk. It looks genuine, it reads genuine. I say it is genuine. But we must bear in mind, gentlemen, that we cannot secure this evidence alibi."

"Holy Innocents' Church, as I happen to know, was burned with all its records many years ago. The rector and the clerk long since are dead. The very parish itself has been absorbed. This scrap of paper then must speak for itself."

"Mr. Figgles, you were a printer once with an expert knowledge of inks and papers which you cannot have lost in your devotion to the larger matters of state in which you also have been so conspicuous. Won't you give us your judgment of this important document?"

The Hon. Rufus K. Figgles, a little old man from Pennsylvania, adjusted his glasses fustily. After a brief examination he tossed the document aside with disdain.

"If the chairman please," he said, "I do not care to pronounce definitely upon the ink, as I have no tests with me, though in my opinion it is a chemical ink such as is now in use and not the vegetable ink that alone was used fifty or more years ago, but the most serious must be able to say from a glance and a touch that the paper itself is made from wood pulp, something that had never been used in the days of the date when the certificate purports to have been executed. Yet the net result of it all was to make the matter of the ink a rank forgery."

Confusion, ensued, in which the members of the commission, thronged about Mr. Figgles, listening to his clear explanation and obviously being convinced by it. It was noticeable that some of the gentlemen, seated at the last, only hesitating in the general view when Mr. Byng with a sigh admitted that he could not testify it.

"I will ask the witness just one question," said Mr. Byng, turning to where Mrs. Maine still sat, pale but ever firm in shock and ice. "Madam, have these papers or any of them ever been out of your possession since your daughter found them in the garret?"

"No, sir," answered the witness with dignity. "They have been in our house except when I showed them to you and now they have been in our house, as I morally believe and as God is my judge, since my dear husband's father built it with his own hands more than forty years ago. I cannot dispute what the little girl got the next day. It is a mystery which we will try to endure with patience if only while depriving us of our inheritance you do not also take away from us our right name."

She bowed to the chairman; she bowed to the commission. She passed quietly to the seat by her daughter's side with the respect of every one in the room.

There was a charming look of sympathy on Senator Giles's face, in which I also seemed to see a shade of contrition, when he assured the widow that no possible blame attached to her from this ruin of her hopes.

"And now, gentlemen," he continued, "I presume we had better set this Golobie case back at the foot of the calendar, since there is no other claimant."

"Hold on there, Mr. chairman, whoever you are," called out a clear, strong voice as a young man who had just entered hustled forward to the head of the table,

"I think you had better go slow. I want to note an appearance or whatever you call it."

"My name is Fred Rylance and I am not ashamed of it either; Washington born and bred and a clerk in the Bureau of Penitentiaries. Better to stand on the toes of old friends and all that," here he bowed to the ladies in the window, who exchanged glances of amazement and dismay—"but I've just learned that I am the only living heir of Emilie Fausse, whose case I read so much about lately, and I want my rights."

I must admit that the Senator treated this trash and breezy newcomer with marked disfavor.

"You may face the stand and testify in your own behalf if you wish," he said coldly. "Let me advise you to confine yourself strictly to facts."

"Thanks for nothing," retorted Rylance with an engaging smile and as he took his seat and swung a large and highly polished cane into the foreground. "Facts are what I'm after, twelve angels of bright and golden facts."

Then Senator Giles, thoroughly aroused apparently, instituted an inquiry and searching examination as I had ever heard. Even Mr. Byng looked over to me once or twice nodding his approval. Yet the net result of it all was to make the witness's story more convincing. This story may be summarized as follows:

Rylance declared that he was the only son of Thomas Rylance, who was the only son of Edward Rylance, whose wife had been Alice Cartell, only child of George Cartell and Emilie Fausse. The records he produced of the descent up to the parentage of Alice Cartell were manifestly unimpeachable, and here came in the evidence which he claimed was newly discovered.

This evidence consisted of the testimony taken on an application for pension of Alice Cartell as minor child of George Cartell, a soldier killed in the Mexican war. It showed that the soldier, formerly been an English actor; that he came to this country and was married before his father's death to a French actress, a native of Paris, who afterward died in giving birth to this child Alice.

All the depositions had been carefully taken and were officially verified. While I now believe that the name of Emilie Fausse was a skillful substitution for the name of George Cartell's wife, who, when she was killed in the Mexican war, they have no trace of her now. At all events this evidence, as presented with the commission, Hugh Byng alone disbelieved.

Suddenly Mrs. Maine arose.

"Gentlemen," she said, with levelled finger, "this man Fred Rylance is a thief and a forger. He has known us for years, coming to our house on terms of intimacy,

At the time the papers were discovered in the garret he was engaged to my daughter Edith, though she has since discarded him as unworthy."

"She undoubtedly showed the papers to him. Perhaps she let him take them home with him. At least he had a chance to steal the genuine certificate and substitute in its stead a document so obviously false that it was sure to be repudiated. This he did. I solemnly charge that this he did."

"Solemnly indeed did Mrs. Maine charge it so solemnly that I could see the effect of her words in expressions troubled and doubtful around the long oval table. Yet the commission consisted of men trained to be governed by reason rather than emotion, and they had been warned especially by their chairman not to be so governed in this particular case."

"What you say, madam," interrupted Senator Giles compassionately, "would be important, vitally important, were it not assumption pure and simple. Nevertheless in the interest of that justice or rather equity which one and all of us are bound to serve, I ask the witness what, if anything, he has to say to this charge."

"Leave it to the girl herself," replied Rylance, starting fixedly at Edith Maine. "Let her say whether I did do, would do or could do such a trick. Come, now."

Heaven only knows what recollections were roused or what secret ties were strengthened by this defiance. The pretty girl's face flushed, her lips trembled, her eyes filled with tears.

"I have nothing to say," she faltered, "nothing, nothing." And she hid her face in her mother's lap.

Half an hour later by vote of the commission Mr. Byng alone dissenting, he was declared the possessor of and to the gold deposited in the Treasury by Jules Golobie was awarded to Fred Rylance.

As I stepped from my modest lodgings the next morning I met Mr. Byng hurrying up the street.

"I'm after you, Luke Noble," he cried, "come with me at once to the Treasury and read this while you come."

The paper which the Congressman thrust into my hands was a cablegram from a London theatrical agency. In answer to his inquiry they took pleasure in advising him that in the early part of the nineteenth century there had been two English actors by the name of George Cartell, both of whom had emigrated to America.

"Don't you see," the fine Italian hand of Raymond Giles was working, "Luke Noble, the Congressman went on passionately. "All that antagonism toward Rylance was the merest bluff and byplay. The grinning

being raised is nothing but the Senator's creature, his tool, his marionette, moved by his secret strings."

"Well, if you don't like it," he asserted in answer to my dependent shake of the head. "We are going to the Treasury Department to demand that the Secretary shall reduce to delivery over the gold until the case is discovered evidence of mine can be developed."

On arriving at the Department, we learned that the successful claimant had already presented his award and demanded possession of the Golobie treasure. We descended into the vaults, there to find besides Rylance himself a notable person about to inspect the wealth that had remained sealed and intact for the greater part of a century. Senator Giles came forward rubbing his hands cordially.

"Al, Byng, and our good Noble, too," he cried, "great minds always think alike. I thought on account of the fact we gave this young man yesterday that a would only be fair to support him in his hour of triumph, of just triumph."

At this instant an old official who had just rapped off the head of the first of the keys uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"The gold coins of 1783," he said, "each and every one of them a gold louis of 1783. It cannot be and yet, and yet!" He tossed a bright handful to and fro. Even to my untrained ears the coins did not ring true.

"What are you trying to give us, Peters?" demanded the Senator roughly. "Don't you know that these casks were shipped from the royal mint; that each bears the royal stamp?"

"Have you forgotten, Senator," returned the old official earnestly, "the scandal under Louis Philippe caused by the circulation of bogus coins of this very issue? Wait, wait. I'll make a test directly."

He made a test directly, with but a single touch of acid, yet that touch was sufficient. In some way never to be discovered, whether Golobie was an impostor, whether Golobie had been imposed upon, the treasure shipped from France for the use and benefit of Emilie Fausse and the right heirs of her body, the treasure so implicitly accepted and sacredly held by the United States at its certified value, was worthless counterfeit.

"Oh, it was pitiful to see how Rylance slunk away in blank despair. It was pitiful too to note how white and strained was Senator Giles's face as he turned with a smile and said:

"The Golobie claim has proved to be what an old friend of Hume's would call all cry and no wool; hey, Byng!"